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THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA
IT MUST PROSPER.

Weekly Kaimin

VOL. X.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, MISSOULA, DECEMBER 18, 1913.

NO. 13

"Peace On Earth"

In the rush of Christmas, the hurrying of the students back home for vacation, the greetings, the hustle, the whole hurried spirit of the Holiday season, the very idea of "Peace on Earth" is almost forgotten. We lose the peace idea in the others, and are prone to think of it, when we stop long enough to think at all, as concerning the Hague Tribunal, or the Mexican situation.

This is of course true. The 'Prince of Peace' came to bring peace to the world at large. He came none the less, to bring peace to the individual heart, peace and good will to all mankind.

But the day which began as a "day of gladness" has grown and developed into a continuous round of celebration. The season opens with the much-dreaded Christmas shopping, and ends with the equally dreaded New Year's bills, the results of which, on the ordinary individual are a week or so of complete exhaustion and a firm resolution of "never again" (until next year.)

This is all very well for the individual who has nothing else to do. However, for the student, who has the storm cloud of semester examinations looming up ahead, this aftermath is far from being "very well."

It is thus that we may bring home the Christmas lesson and apply it to ourselves. The peace may apply just as much to the rest we should get and do not, as to the Universal Peace that should be and is not. We should cease to think of the lesson as applying to humanity in general and remember it applies as much to you and me and all of us in particular. For we

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to probe my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke

must be at peace with the world to best do our work. We cannot quarrel with our task and master it too.

Peace of mind and Peace of body we all need, and it is that which the season brings us if we will but receive it. Let us receive it, and come back the better for our vacation and the more ready to "take up the load."

SOME SPEED

Every student and every person who reads *The Kaimin* like a good story with lots of life and "pep" in it. Here is one that will make your blood tingle and your hair tingle as a co-ed decides between a dare-devil and a nerry football man.

By George Armitage

For the first time in her life Marjorie Martin couldn't decide. She went to her desk and hastily wrote something on two slips of pasteboard. Then she carefully scanned the room until her eyes rested on a ribbon box. "Just the thing." Out went the mass of colors and in went the little slips. She shook the box vigorously, set it down on the table, and closed her eyes. Slowly she put in her hand and drew out one of the slips. She stared at it a moment and sadly shook her head. "I can't refuse Ted," she cried. "It's no use to try." She dropped dejectedly into a chair by the fireplace, her head in her hands, and glared at the flames.

Then for the thousandth time she took up the two letters and read them. In a sprawling, half-legible hand, the first ran:

Nov. 27.

Dear Marg: Would like to take you to the New Year's ball, Dec. 31. Yours, TED.

"Just like him, always in a hurry, but he's lots of fun." Then she turned to the other. On fraternity stationery and in a clear, smooth script was written:

Nov. 27.

My Dear Marjorie: As you doubtless know, the New Year's ball will be held on the 31st of next month. If you have no other engagement, I would like very much to have your company. Yours sincerely, JERRY MALONE.

"So careful and particular about everything. What can I do?" She had received both letters in the same mail while home on her Thanksgiving vacation and had been trying ever since to decide. Ted was such a good dancer—but then Jerry was the finest football player in college—and they both had cars—oh, hang it!

"I won't stay home from that dance," she cried, nearly in tears, "and I can't go with both." She clasped and unclasped her hand in contemplation. "I must decide at once. What SHALL I do?"

Suddenly she was aroused by a familiar honk from an automobile nearing the campus. "I'll bet that's Ted," she exclaimed, springing to the window. Sure enough, there he came, ripping down the avenue at his usual dare-devil speed, barely missing the post at the gate and sliding up to the steps with a shriek and a lurch, all brakes set tight.

"How daring and dashing and reckless he is," thought Marjorie. "Jerry never did go that fast, I'm sure."

Ted jumped from his seat and looked excitedly at the speedometer. Seeing Marjorie in the window he motioned her to come down and then shut off his engine.

She questioned him from the steps. "Why all the excitement?"

"Just made the run of my life. Exactly one hour and thirty-three minutes from Maxwell here. Guess that's going some for a kid," he bragged.

"One-thirty-three! Why that's faster than that crazy Frenchman made it last year. You're stringing me."

"Left the Brunswick at exactly three o'clock and put on brakes here at four thirty-three. What does that figure?"

"Oh, I'm not disputing your word, Ted," she hastened to explain, "but it seemed impossible. Why, I came down in two hours once and that was too fast for me."

"You ought to've seen me hit some of them curves," Ted continued excitedly, "if any man can beat that record he'll have to go some. I couldn't do it again myself."

The girl started. Ted's boast had brought a daring idea into her head. Her face flushed and her eyes spar-

kled. A little thrill ran down her spinal column as she climbed up beside the dashing chauffeur. The joy of the game had seized her.

"Ted," she said quietly, "you asked me to go to the ball—?"

"Poor Jerry," thought Ted, "here's where he gets his." Then out loud he stammered, "I certainly did."

"Well, so did Jerry," she hesitated a moment and then continued slowly, "if he runs from here to Maxwell in less than one thirty-three I'm going to the dance with him."

Ted stared in astonishment. "And if he doesn't?"

"Then of course I'll go with you."

"He'll never try it," Ted asserted with assurance. "I never could get a race out of him. He's afraid he'll scratch his car."

"Of course he won't if he knows he's racing anybody," Marjorie exclaimed, "you've got to help me fool him."

Ted opened his mouth to object, but what was the use; he never could argue with Marjorie, so he growled. "Oh, well. I'll help you all I can."

"Fine; come over at ten in the morning and I'll have everything ready," Marjorie jumped from the car.

"I'll be there on the dot," he promised and started his engine with a roar. The machine leaped forward with a jerk and bumped viciously down the street.

Saturday came, snappy and clear, but warm for mid-winter. Jerry was down early at his father's garage to work on his favorite car, a big six-sixty underslung Blantz. Unconsciously, as he wiped and scraped, he caught himself comparing it to Ted's machine which stood beside his own.

"Sixty-five miles an hour and thirty-three minutes," he mused. "Bet I could beat that time if I had to." He glanced contemptuously at the worn tires, bent steering rod and jammed gear lever of Ted's car and then viewed with pride the faultless lines of his own machine. He continued cheerfully at his work, but the thought came to him continually, "Wish I had to beat that record."

At half after nine, Ted sauntered in and made directly for his machine.

"Hello, record breaker," welcomed the grimy wiper, "where to this morning?"

"Just going out to see if she will still run straight," lied Ted thinking to himself, "He'll never come in a mile of that time if he tries. He hasn't got the nerve." From his seat he turned on the spark.

"Got your date for the dance yet?" asked Jerry.

"I should say not," Ted answered, blushing and lied again. "I think you'll get her." Then he backed to the street.

"I wish I thought so," Jerry yelled. "Anyway, I wish she would settle it quick. That fool scheme of ours is getting on my nerves."

At ten sharp Ted pulled up at the hall and Marjorie was already on the steps to greet him.

"Well, what's the dope?" he asked immediately.

"Just keep still and follow directions. If my plan doesn't work it will be your fault."

"Fire away."

"You go straight to the Brunswick at Maxwell and wait till Grace phones you that we have started. Then get the time and wait. Is that simple enough?"

"Sure, but if he doesn't start?"

"Then you come calmly back and take me to the dance."

"That's all very fine, but how are you going to get Jerry to run?"

Marjorie looked saucily at him for a moment. She gave a little toss of her head and her eyes twinkled. "That will be MY business."

Ted grunted and turned to his motor. "I'll have to be moving then," and she watched him speed around the campus and out of sight. "Something's about to happen," she thought nervously and walked slowly upstairs to wait till Ted reached his destination. At one-thirty he called and said he was ready for orders. "Now for the worst" and with shaking fingers Marjorie clicked off 562, Malone's garage.

Jerry was seated in his father's big office chair, his feet cocked up on the desk and a big pipe in his mouth, building castles of motors and footballs and Marjories when the phone rang.

"Malone's garage," he mumbled sleepily, "this is Jerry speaking—why, Hello, Marg—my best time? Oh, about two hours—an hour and a half? I couldn't do it—I'll sure try if you have to go. Ted made it in one thirty-three yesterday and you know him—I'll be there in about five minutes." He grabbed his cap and gloves, jerked down a couple of heavy coats and hurried into the garage. Into a perfect car he leaped and kicked the self-starter.

"When dad comes in, tell him I've gone to Maxwell," the mechanics heard him shout to the boss, "probably be home tonight." He reversed, backed out and soon the fenders and pedals of his throbbing car were vibrating in front of the hall. Grace had already called up Ted on long-distance and told him to hold the wire. Marjorie, white and trembling, hurried out and climbed into the seat beside Jerry as he pulled up.

"Something wrong at home?" he asked sympathetically, tucking her in one of the coats and releasing the brakes.

Marjorie evaded the question and looked at the clock on the dash. Exactly two! "Please don't ask," she answered, "I've got to be in Maxwell in an hour and a half if possible. I'll explain there."

The big forty-inch wheels were already in motion, but Jerry looked doubtful. "Here's hoping," was his only remark. Marjorie signaled her watching confederate, and the excited Grace screeched into the transmitter, "They're off, Ted," and "Two o'clock, all right," came back from the man at the Brunswick.

Jerry pulled down his cap and snapped his goggles into place.

"Sit low and hang on all the time," he ordered, and Marjorie silently nodded her muffled head. The man at the wheel knew that every minute would have to count from the very first and he opened up the carburetor until the little brass hand of the speedometer danced back and forth between thirty and forty. Teamsters jerked their horses to a quick stop and mothers ran after screaming children as the big red sixty roared and swayed down College street to the flats beyond. "If this is the beginning; what will be the end?" Marjorie wondered. A big, brown dog ran barking in front of the car, but underestimated his ability. Jerry winced. A bump, a sickening crunch, and a yelp followed; Marjorie's body shook a little, but the trembling monster never slackened.

"Halt," rang out from a policeman on the sidewalk, but his command was lost in the roar of the cut-out. A flash and a bang followed quickly.

"Just a bluff," screamed Jerry into his partner's ear and she answered with a slight nod. The car rode safely out of range and the officer hastily phoned his chief that Jerry Malone was running wild in his machine.

"Let him go," the superior officer ordered, "Jerry never speeds unless he has to."

They were in the country now and Jerry's strained arms were holding the leaping car in the middle of a smooth, straight road. Already their speed was frightful; the sod and gravel, as occasionally Marjorie glanced down, looked like pure cement. Thirty, thirty-five, forty, the speed registered. Forty-five. Jerry had plenty of room left in his accelerator but he dared not open it any more on the curves. At intervals he released the terrible smashing of

the cut-out that he might hear how his engine was running or shout a word of encouragement to his white-faced companion. Then he would cut it off again. He did not slow up for the curves at all, merely trusting to his brakes when he hit them. With clenched teeth he thought of what would happen if they should fail. The country became rougher and rougher and soon they were in the hills. Down one side with the empty feeling of falling in an elevator and up the other like the soar of an eagle they flew, the foot throttle clear open for a moment. Around the curves on two wheels they whirled, the siren incessantly grating out its shrill whining scream.

At two forty-five they scooted down out of the hills and grades into the little town of Gardner and lost about a minute filling up the bubbling radiator with ice-cold water from the river. Jerry warmed his stiff fingers over the steaming engine for a moment and read the trip on the scale.

"Thirty-two and five-tenths," he muttered, and shook his head. He started the motor and without a word they were off again. Marjorie knew that half of the time had gone, in covering less than half of the distance. But limp and weak though she was, Marjorie had too much fighting blood in her veins to tell him to stop. She only crouched into the swaying seat and watched with fascinated gaze the set jaw and the clenched fists of the man she was fooling. Suddenly she wondered how he would take her scheme. Maybe he would get very angry, but it was too late to explain.

"One blow-out will probably fix us," Jerry remarked, slowing for a wobbly culvert. Barely had the words left his mouth, when he heard a sharp report and Marjorie felt a violent bumping. She did not know what had happened, but Jerry realized only too well. With a smothered curse he set the brakes and came to a quick stop.

"Unstrap the spare wheel," he directed, springing from his seat and hardly had Marjorie's numb fingers undone the straps before he had jacked the rear axle and detached the disabled wheel. At the same time he replaced it by the solid one and Marjorie buckled the other into place.

"Four minutes," he snarled, "that may not spoil our chances but another surely will. We haven't any more spare wheels, you know."

The machine sloughed and slung from side to side. Jerry was getting reckless now but she did not wince. She had passed that point long ago. Through small groves, over rattling bridges, past an occasional cabin they roared, the dust sucking up in a whirlwind behind them and the speedometer clicking off the miles by the tenths. The cutting breeze, drawn through the radiator and over the red-hot engine wuffed up to Marjorie, keeping the heart-chilled girl warm and comfortable. She could see, however that two tiny spots on Jerry's cheeks were becoming white and with a shudder she imagined those two strong hands frozen to the wheel by the lashing gale that whipped in and around the windshield. Every time they slid out on a piece of rough or gravel road Jerry's heart leaped in anxiety for he could not stand another puncture, and he kept muttering to himself, "God, I hope she'll stand up now."

All in an instant, around a sharp, narrow turn, his keen ears distinguished the sound of a whistle above his own. His face blanched, but he kept his head. "Hold on," he yelled in terror for the girl. Down went the clutch and foot brake; back came the emergency in a giant's grip. A cry from the girl as she slid forward, a screeching of steel on steel, a sickening lurch and side-swing as the brakes clutched the drums, and the shaking car smashed to a trembling stop, head-on with a monstrous Stevens. There was a crash of broken glass and Jerry sprawled over the wheel. He quick recovered his breath and helped Marjorie back to her seat. "I'm all right," she gasped bravely and Jerry jumped out to estimate damages. "Close shave," he called to the other

driver, looking down the side of the grade below. Marjorie didn't look; she didn't care. She only realized that she wanted Jerry to win, and now he had lost.

"Guess I'm all right?" Jerry told the Stevens man, "my bumper saved my radiator."

Jerry climbed to his wheel, backed off and started past.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he called to the unfortunate driver, who was looking at his smashed lights, jammed radiator, and bent axle, in a daze, "but I'll send help for you from Maxwell." His only remark to Marjorie as they began to pick up speed was his main thought, "Two minutes more."

"Is he still trying to make it?" wondered Marjorie, recovering from the amazement of finding the car in good running order. The clock on the dash showed three-ten. About twenty minutes left. What was the mileage? She couldn't see. Neither could Jerry. He didn't want to. He only knew that in the next few minutes he was going to place his and Marjorie's life in those four spinning wheels that were going faster than they had ever gone before. Three-ten, three-fifteen—his speed was nearing the limit. They were getting into settled country and Maxwell was now in sight. But they weren't there yet. Marjorie had forgotten all about Ted. She now knew for sure that she wanted Jerry to win.

As they approached the railroad crossing, below the town, Jerry heard the shrill warning of a train. He saw with a sinking heart a long freight puffing for the crossing. To make his time he would have to get there first. "Was it worth the risk?" he wondered, and then out loud he cried, "Sure."

Clear to the floor went the gas pedal and the machine leaped forward in response. Marjorie could control herself no longer. She laid a restraining hand on Jerry's arm and shrieked a terrified "Don't!" into his ear. She felt the muscles stand out on his arm, but he never wavered. Oh, how much she admired him for that, and he thought that he was hurting her. They were nearly there. So was the train. Jerry was compelled to slow for the rails. The engineer on the locomotive applied his air and whistled in anguish. Thoughts of torn and mangled bodies made him shut his eyes. A shake and a jar of the wheels on the track. Then a roar and a whirr behind them. They were safe.

Marjorie's rigid form relaxed limply to the cushions, but Jerry had no time to notice. Three twenty-nine and the hotel two miles away, down a clear, straight road. Now for the fourth speed. Marjorie heard a purr, a whirl, and a ripping of cogs as Jerry pulled the shift lever into the stiff notch of his speed and racing gear. The car leaped and sprang like a bronco from side to side, and the whole machine left the ground in crossing a bridge only to come down again with a jolt and a swing. Marjorie wondered in awe how he could keep those spinning wheels in the road and straight ahead. The hotel came in sight and Marjorie made out a crowd on either side of the street. Three thirty-three thirty-one—would they? Marjorie choked and for the first time tears came to her eyes. So near and then to lose. Bang! She knew it was another blow-out. Would he stop? No! Not until he reached the hotel. He only leaned farther over the wheel, for it was a front tire this time and he could hardly steer. They could hear cheering on both sides and the next thing Marjorie knew Jerry was stopping the machine, and Ted, watch in hand, was in the car shaking both of Jerry's chill-clutched fists.

"You win, old man, you win!" he shouted gamely into Jerry's ringing, frost-nipped ears.

"Win what?" asked Jerry, staring stupidly at the crowd and then at the frightened Marjorie.

"Why, you good for nothing old mechanic," roared the defeated Ted, "you win Marg for the New Year's ball, with a whole minute to spare. Merry Christmas." Finis.

Irresistible Display of Christmas Gifts

Merchants of Missoula Present Their Wares to Attract the College Students.

Missoula has capitulated to an ancient invader, and the green and red flag of the conqueror—the spirit of Christmas—is flaunted in every blazing shop window.

Jovial men, happy women and merry children throng the streets and fill the stores. Each in his own way, through gifts for his own particular circle of friends, is seeking an outlet—a mode of self-expression—for the glad surge of the Christmas spirit within him.

And long before even the most foresighted child had thought of making known to Santa Claus his Christmas wishes, shrewd merchants were busy gathering from all quarters of the globe wares that should delight the eye, charm the senses and deplete the pocketbooks of the army of holiday shoppers. Now the last big box of Christmas goods has been rifled and its treasures displayed, the last bright decoration has been placed—and the gay carnival of Christmas shopping is on!

A nice sense of values, indeed, is needed by the conscientious Yuletide shopper who aims to discriminate so wisely, select so judiciously, that his gifts shall be valued for themselves alone and not shine merely in the reflected glory of the donor's personality.

For, if we are to believe Holmes, every person has three distinct identities. There is John, as you think he is; John, as John thinks he is, and John, as he really is. Really, Mary is more to be pitied than censured when she presents John As She Thinks He Is with a dainty, silver-topped toilet article, which John As He Really Is unappreciatively pokes into the furthest recesses of his trunk, there to remain in innocuous desuetude unless haply resurrected by mother or sister and converted to feminine use. It may be that guy, to whom Mary gave that volume of essays—beautifully bound, but alas! Guy to whom these are unpleasantly suggestive of the classroom would have gratefully received the silver offering disdained by John. But how was Mary, handicapped by a limited understanding of masculine psychology, to know?

Five items of merchandise there are which the canny gift buyer approaches with fear and trembling: Cigars! Neckties! Perfumery! Books! Pictures! However, there are most attractive displays of these superlative tests of judgment from one end of Higgins avenue to the other; and if the ambitious donor thinks he has the prospective recipient's number, he may venture to worry over them.

Veritable scenes from the Arabian Nights are the jewelry stores these days. Locketts and rings, cuff buttons and scarf pins, the popular la valières and hundreds of other tempting gew-gaws glitter in their holiday setting, and seem to defy the dazzled beholder to ignore their lure. And both here and in the department stores may be found the daintiest conceits in Parisian ivory. Every conceivable toilet article may be had in this chaste material, at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$25.

But it is when a girl reaches the handkerchief counter that a regular orgy of buying is indulged in. For there are boxes of hand-embroidered handkerchiefs for \$1 and \$1.25 that

simply are not to be resisted.

They who go down to the city to seek calendars will find enough of Ralpho Waldo Trine's sturdy cheer packed into the Sunlit Road calendar to convert the most abandoned grouch into an optimist of the first water.

For those who must express a maximum of Christmas spirit with a minimum outlay of coin, there are the Christmas cards, both with and without envelopes. There are good assortments to choose from.

And a card may mean a great deal. "Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking," but they are only worthless bubbles after all, unless through them shines the spirit of Christmas, love, and a little Christmas card may carry a more precious freight than the priceless gift of a king!

SANTA CLAUS GIVES "U" RECORD ENROLLMENT

THREE HUNDRED BONA-FIDE
FULL COURSE STUDENTS
NOW AT MONTANA.

Santa Claus appeared in a new garb yesterday when he entered the University office and left as a remembrance a total registration of exactly 300 students. These are regularly enrolled and the number does not include the 174 students registered in the Summer School or the 30 taking special work. They are bona-fide students.

The best part of this is that it does not count the pupils that will come here for the forestry course or those that will register for the second semester alone. Last year there were not 300, counting the foresters and the second semester students. The "office" wouldn't tell who the man was that brought the total to what it is, but they did say that there is to be another registered just as soon as the holidays were over. So Montana will start the new year with the fourth century.

AIN'TITAWFL.

Mother trips the Tango,
Father does the Bear,
Sister's Bunny Hugging,
While Grandma does a stare.

I just love to Boston;
Bib, to Turkey Scribble;
The neighbors think it's awful,
But we say "Ishkabibble."
—Daily Illini.

A LONG WAIT.

"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."
"No, mum. I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things set settled."—Brooklyn Life.

Dolly—Please, Miss Sharp, mamma wants to know if you have really left your music at home?
Miss Sharp—Yes, my dear. Why?
Dolly—Well, papa says it sounds too good to be true.

"I'm getting altogether too fat," said the plump co-ed. "I'll have to stop eating between meals."
"You'll have to stop spreading," corrected her sorority sister.—Exchange.

VARSITY DEBATE TEAM SELECTED TO MEET THREE SCHOOLS

WATKINS, LONG, TEMPLETON AND
McHAFFIE WILL DEFEND
SCHOOL THIS SEASON.

In the try-out last night for the team to represent the University of Montana in debate, a dozen men fought for places. The try-out was the largest which has ever been held at the University. The decision of the judges was as follows: Gordon Watkins, first; Will Long, second; Payne Templeton, third, and Stewart McHaffie, fourth.

Gordon Watkins is a veteran debater, having two years experience in Fargo College, and one year at Montana. William Long debated for two years on the debating team of Stevensville. Payne Templeton was leader of the team last year against Bozeman. Stewart McHaffie was one of the stellar men of last year's Missoula High School debating team. Baird and Merrick were chosen as alternates. Besides the men named there were other good debaters who showed that they had worked, and gave promise of a good run for the team next year. Those who showed up well were Woody, Friday, Hopper, Schugm, Baker and Stanley.

The first three selected will make up the team to debate Utah at Salt Lake on February 19, the fourth man selected will act as alternate.

The question for the Utah debate is: "Resolved, That all unskilled immigrants to the United States from the Hellenic, Slavonic and Italian races from Eastern and Southeastern Europe should be prohibited."

These three debaters and the fourth man will pair off into teams of two men each, and the other two men will act as alternates. They will debate Gonzaga at Spokane and Bozeman here on the same night. The question has not yet been decided.

PRES. CRAIGHEAD ACTS AS JUDGE

President Craighead responded to an invitation to serve as one of judges of a debate between students of the North Central High School of Spokane, Wash., last Friday evening, December 12. While in Spokane, the president delivered an address before the high school students, who numbered over 1,300. The president also made a short address before the chamber of commerce.

On his return, he reported a very pleasant visit, due to the hospitality of Professor Hargraves of the high school and the business men of the metropolis of the Inland empire.

THE BIG ITEM.

"Does it take much money to send a boy to college?" asked the boob.
"No," replied the cheerful idiot. "It's keeping him there that takes the coin."
—Ex.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain,

It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;

When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why rain's my choice.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

If you appropriate the Kalmian office for a place to lounge in please do not throw the exchanges on the floor. It makes more work for the printer's devil.

Senior to Freshie in Chem: "What does the quotation H2O K9 mean?"
Freshie: "I pass."
Senior: "Water dog. H2O—water. K9—canine—dog."—The Spectrum.

Everybody's Christmas Store

Useful, practical and appropriate gifts for all ages.
The only complete Christmas stocks in town. Everything bright, attractive and moderate-priced.

Missoula Mercantile Company

EMPRESS THEATRE

"THE HOUSE OF COMFORT"

Two Days, Thursday and Friday, December 25 and 26.
Five Shows Daily—2:00, 3:30, 5:00, 7:15 and 9:00 P. M.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ENGAGEMENT

Mr. George Kline presents the Photo Drama Company's marvelous production

The Last Days of POMPEII

Now playing to capacity houses in the Bijou Theater,
New York City.

Worthy Successor to "Quo Vadis"

In three acts and six parts. Made from the world-famous novel by Lord Bulwer-Lytton, in authentic location at Pompeii, Italy, bearing the masterly, artistic stamp that characterizes the Italian productions.

BARON'S LAST GAME.

Baron, the football hero; Baron, the good old scout,
Quit the gridiron Thursday, but how
how can we do without
The pride of old Montana; the fear of
the farmer boys,
Leaves a football record, that will always make a noise!

THE DOG'S WATCHFULNESS.

In the barber shop the scissors clicked merrily away and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair looking up intently all the time hair cut.

at the occupant who was having his hair cut.

"Nice dog, that," said the customer.
"He is, sir," said the barber.

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off of a customer's ear."—Ex.

Tomakehiseightoclockclass—
This is the way he walked
back home
With a pretty lass.—Ex.

U. S. Military Policy Explained to Students

Lieutenant Von Dem Bussche Addresses Convocation on Measures of War.

The military policy of the United States, or rather the lack of such a policy, was the topic of a very interesting lecture delivered at convocation yesterday morning by Lieutenant von dem Bussche of the Fourteenth infantry.

Lieutenant von dem Bussche admitted to start with that he had certain views concerning army affairs and the training of soldiery that might not be agreed with by everyone. Stating that the United States was wholly unprepared for war with any one of the powers, he brought out the point that the world has not yet come to the era of perfect peace and will not for several generations to come. He declared himself in favor of world peace and the abolition of wars, but showed that unpreparedness was the most inhuman part of war and that in the end it greatly increased the cost. He showed that the war of the revolution, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, the civil war, and the late war with Spain and the subjugation of the Philippines, has been far more costly throughout and has entailed the loss of a great many more lives than would have been the case had there been a real military policy and troops equipped to go onto the field at a moment's notice and fight like well trained men should.

Volunteers are Costly.

Lieutenant von dem Bussche scored the volunteer and militia system severely, declaring that the officers of these organizations had caused more deaths to no advantage than had many well directed and successful battles; in fact, that these officers were murderers of their own men simply through ignorance of simple military tactics.

He declared that it was impossible that men drawn from their occupations and given a gun and uniform could be thereby transformed into soldiers, a distinct training or calling which requires time and patience to learn. He gave the militia some credit for their training, in that they were better prepared than volunteers. Even the regular troops, he declared to be so scattered that they could not be mobilized at a point in time for real work inside of a week or more.

In the service of the United States there are now but about 80,000 soldiers and of these there are but 30,000 mobile troops which could be thrown against an enemy at a given point, according to the lieutenant. The others are coast defense companies and regiments which must be kept at their stations. There are two nations in the world which could place 150,000 men on our shores in two weeks, and another which could do the same in three, while the best this nation could do in the way of repelling invasion would be to mobilize 130,000 men in one month.

"At the present time," said Lieutenant von dem Bussche, "congress is in a receptive mood and army men think that better arrangements may be made for this important department of the government. There should at least be enough troops so that regiments and armies could be mobilized and real drill of large armies be held. During the fifteen years that I have been in the army I have never seen a regimental drill. I have not seen all of my regiment since 1905, and this is the way the troops are scattered all over the world; some in the Philippines, some here, some there, but no large aggregations anywhere.

Frats to Pledge Early.

President Craighead finished the hour (about ten minutes) with a talk concerning the pledging of men to the fraternities. He had both good things

and bad things to say about "Frats" in general and the Montana "Frats" in particular. He said first that he was in sympathy with the fraternity system, citing the instance of Princeton to show that there are worse societies and clubs than those of the Greek letter brand. He stated that there was no objection to the fraternities here and that they were on the whole a good thing and that they could be used to advance, or to pull down a school. On the other hand, he declared, that the "barbs" should not feel discouraged if they were not asked to join one of the organizations, for they had on their side many men of wide renown who had refused with scorn to be a member of a Greek letter society. He went on to state that the more exclusive a club became, the more shallow the brains of the members seemed to be. He also stated that those members of the Senior class who regarded the Freshmen with the most consideration were the ones who had the best brains and stood highest in the school.

President Craighead suggested that an athletic club should be formed and that other clubs should be planned by other departments of the school.

The first Monday after the close of the first semester will see the beginning of pledge week, according to the decision of the conference committee as announced by the president.

HI JINKS TONIGHT

Girls will provide jolly-up for entertainment of the faculty and men. Something new promised.

The preparations for Hi Jinx are practically complete. The girls promise that the entertainment will surpass any given heretofore, and are arousing considerable curiosity among the men. Although little may be learned about the plans, the entertainment will follow the customary course. Beginning promptly at 7:45 this evening, "Every Co-ed," suggested by the medieval play "Everyman," will be presented by the girls. Of course, this will not be a finished production, but rather an attempt to provide fun for the people of the University. Miss Stewart has written the greater part of the play and has had general supervision over it. All the girls in school will take part. After the performance all will adjourn to the gymnasium to see the Christmas tree. It is customary for the students to place in a receptacle in Main hall appropriate presents, to be distributed at the free celebration.

The first Hi Jinx was held some eight or nine years ago, when some students arranged a Christmas tree with a general jolly-up and some stunts. This meeting was held just before the students went home for their vacation. Soon a division was made so that the girls and boys could compare their abilities and talents on alternate years. The entertainments have shown great variety and originality. One year the girls gave a playlet "A College Santa Claus," another time Irish minstrels. The boys presented a take-off on the Co-ed from three years ago, and last year a vaudeville performance.

The purpose of Hi Jinx is not to make money, but rather to serve as a final entertainment and jolly-up for all the people of the University before the Christmas vacation. As usual, no admission fee will be charged.

The Bureau of Printing for classy printing

BIG BROTHERS TO BRING MERRY CHRISTMAS TO KIDDS

MEN OF THE CITY JOIN CLUB WHICH WILL SEE THAT EVERY CHILD IN CITY IS HAPPY.

The spirit of Christmas has created this year a greater spirit of brotherly love in Missoula than has ever been manifested in the past.

The Big Brother club, organized by the Missoula Sentinel, after a suggestion by Harry H. Parsons, is carrying on a campaign to see that every tot in Missoula has a Merry Christmas.

In last Sunday's Missoulian an open letter from Attorney Parsons suggested a movement of the sort for the purpose of making this the happiest yuletide the city has ever known. He had been informed that there are three hundred children in the city who, while not the objects of pity or charity, are still unable to indulge in a real Christmas dinner or partake of the bounties of Santa Claus. He formulated a plan of his own and made an appeal to the men and women of Missoula to help him see that each and every one of these little unfortunates is supplied with the necessary ingredients of a truly Merry Christmas.

The suggestion was taken up by the Missoula Sentinel and 13 members of the Missoulian Publishing company gave the plan a start by each contributing a dollar for a Big Brother club. A campaign for members to the club was started in the evening paper and the big brothers of Missoula have been coming heroically to its assistance. Each day brings ten or fifteen more members, and each dollar brings the giver a certificate of membership to the Big Brother club.

By Saturday night, however, there had been but 61 Big Brothers who had come forward with their dollar. Many of these were men from outside of the city. The club is well pleased with its growth in the first week of existence, but it is extremely anxious to secure many more members before Christmas day. It is said that their plans will fail unless a great many more Big Brothers come to their assistance.

FOOTBALLWOCKY.

"Twas dartmouth and the pennystate Did yale and perdue in the maine All lehigh was the old colgate And the cornell tulane.

"Beware the tiger claw, my son, The teeth that tear and leave you lame; Beware the bakerbird and shun Beware the bakerbird and shun The deadly princeton 'game."

He took his hogsett sword in hand; Long time rested he by carlisle tree And michiganed in thought. And as in harvard thought he stood The tigerclaw, with eyes of flame Came gleeing through the georgetown wood And bakered as it came.

One, two; one, two, and through and through, The whitney blade went snickersnack! He left it dead, and with its head, Hollewellcurtised back.

"And hast thou slain the tigerclaw? Come to my arms, my dartmouth boy! O' navy day! O, army gay," Wisconsined he in joy.

AN IMPRESSION.

"So you went to hear those imported artists sing grand opera in English?" "Yes." "How was it?" "Well, the music was fine, but the words didn't appeal to me. You see, I don't care for dialect poetry."—Ex.

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NEW MAGAZINE SPIRIT IS MANIFESTED PLAINLY

STANDARD AND POPULAR PUBLICATIONS ARE VERY ARTISTIC THIS YEAR.

What is a Christmas magazine?

More American can answer the question "What is a Christmas Magazine?" than can answer the question "Why Is Christmas?" Christmas magazines were once all the same. A big splash of red and green ink, a picture of Santa and his reindeer, a picture of a cherub, a picture of three camel-backs following a "scintillant star through the purple night," a picture of a forlorn child forgotten both by Santa and the Big Brothers, a story of a drunken cowpuncher impersonating St. Nick and carrying the Christmas cheer to the poor family immured by snow—that was the Christmas magazine of a few years ago.

Of course the book had holly and mistletoe. Every picture was garnished with it. And poems—sure they had poems. Way back in the sweltering summer the poets working for the dime magazines get serious and write Christmas poems. They are all the same—those poems. "Scintillant stars," "lowly mangers," wise men," they manage to hammer all the traditional Christmasy words into the jingle.

Changing the Date.

The style of Christmas magazines is changing—just a little. The magazines and the commercial interests would fight if we tried to move Christmas up to the real birthday of Christ—in April. The commercial interests would fight because poor dad would be given the chance to buy the Easter finery as Christmas presents. The magazines might—please notice, might—fight because it would force them to forge an entirely new line of Christmas literature. They would have to substitute straw hats for furs, change the words "silvery white" to "verdant green," and wipe the frost out of the air to put in a little balm.

The magazines might fight—and they might not. The magazines this year are different from those of other years. The only feature they share in common is the Christmas poem. They have Christmas stories, but the type is not of the old days. There's Century, Scribner's, Everybody's, Collier's and Life—all different and a little better than they were in other years.

A Conservative Change.

The newspapers have begun to say that the editors of Century had abandoned their old conservatism and were going to make the book a little more daring. Century does not get as far away from the traditional Christmas style as some of the others. It changes just enough to vindicate the newspaper critics, and just enough to make it the best magazine of the group. The pictures of "London and Paris at Night" are wonders of photography and printing. The one Christmas story "A Crowded Heart" crowds the reader's heart, too, if he is human. The story "Son and Ferguson," satirizing the prominence of athletics in the modern college, and telling of the "son" who played "left behind" on the eleven, is better than its title. Ellis Parker Butler has written a breezy story, "The Ethiopian Dip." It is not a new one on B. C. and it certainly does not antedate B. C. Century has a Christmas poem of the standard make.

Collier's is notable because it has only one picture of Santa. It has a couple of good Christmas stories, and the regular Collier features. The old familiar poem is printed, too.

The Christmas edition of Scribner's is not much different from the regular editions. It has a Christmas story, "The Great Minus," by Gilbert Parker, that is different from the usual Christmas story of the "Frozen North." Scribner's has a Christmas poem of the approved literary style.

Everybody's sermon, "A Christmas for Cities," further proves that Christmas magazines are changing. The illustrations to the sermon, "Pictures of New York and European Cities at Night," are nearly as good as the night pictures of Century. The myriads of electric lights on the skyscrapers, the lines of white gleams in the canyons, the noses of the big buildings high in the darkness, reminds one of a great host ready for battle. The splendor of the great purple hulks, dotted by hordes of miniature stars, forces upon you the truth of those words of "The Rubaiyat":

"Think, how in this battered caravan—serai

Of alternate night and day
Sultan after sultan, with his pomp,
Abode his destined hour and went away."

Everybody's has one Christmas story, "The Great Tree," and one of the approved poems.

"Life" Is Alive.

Life has a gorgeous edition, with a lot of the old-time Christmas stuff. Perhaps it uses the old devices satirically. Judging from the display of recipes for bibulosity in the advertising columns, Life's conception of a dispenser of Christmas cheer is a man with a white apron and immaculately combed hair. Substituting this gentleman for Santa, however, may be Life's way of gracefully and facetiously retreating from the old traditions. Hashimura Togo writes a letter to the editor on "Christmas." In heterogeneity of language the letter is direct from Tokio, in spirit and humor it is direct from the "White Way."

These are only a few of the Christmas magazines. Harper's, Woman's Home Companion, Cosmopolitan, Metropolitan and others, show that the magazines are using new tactics in the production of Christmas editions. No less gorgeous and no less Christmasy, they are leaving the old methods and ideas instituted when Caxton first began to print Christmas books.

WHODAGESTIT ? ? ?

The President's Gift.

"The package I'm going to give the president? That has caused me quite a little trouble. I had one gift all ready for him and when I looked around I saw he had it already. It was the Friendship and Support of the Students. I thought that would tickle him immensely, but he had all of that he could possibly want. So I decided on something else. I'm going to give him funds enough so that he may carry out all his plans for the enlargement of the school. Think he will like it? Is there anyone else in whom you have any interest?"

"Why, yes, I'd like you to tip me off as to what you plan to drop down the chimney for the student body."

Advance Dope from S. C.

It all happened after a big dinner. Maybe that accounts for what I saw. I came home from the dinner and lay in a cozy Morris chair before a fire. Happy thoughts put me in a comfortable frame of mind and maybe I dropped off to sleep. At any rate, the first thing I remember I was in some sort of vehicle on my way north. I saw beneath me great fields of ice and snow and there was a rather chilly breeze blowing down my neck. Then, with a jerk, I stopped. I found myself in a large room stocked with everything I had ever heard of. I was beginning to wonder who owned the place when I heard a slight cough behind

me, and turning round I saw the venerable Old Man of the Yuletide.

"Well," he said, "this is rather unusual. It is not often that visitors get in here. What is your business, anyhow?"

"I'm up here in the interests of The Weekly Kalmín," I answered. "I would like to get a line on the gifts that you intend to pass around the campus about the twenty-fifth of December. Do you think you could tell me a few of the things you're going to drop at the foot of Mt. Sentinel?"

"Why, yes, I don't mind giving out a few advance notices. Whose gift is it that you are interested in?"

"Why," I said, "It is the gift to him in whom we are all interested—Dr. Craighead."

For the Students.

"That's easy. It is something that they all know they need and all of them want. It is a United Spirit. I mean a spirit that will put every student in the University behind every school activity. A spirit that will make them all work as one. I don't know just how I'm going to give them this spirit, but if you watch you will notice that it is there before the school year closes."

"And what about the faculty?" I asked.

"That was the hardest thing I had to settle. Often when I see them at work flunking poor hard-working students I make up my mind that I'll give them nothing. Then I fear that they may blame the students so I have decided to give them a pleasant remembrance. I am going to give them the idea that they are there to help the students and that one way to do this is to boost all student functions, such as athletics and plays. It's going to be a lot of work to get it into the faculty stocking, but I think it can be done."

"You ask what does the Dorm get? Don't you think that the Dorm has enough good things already without drawing something else on Christmas? That is what I think and I think that there are more good things over there this year than ever before. I don't want to stock it too heavily so I think I will skip it this year. The inmates, however, are in for a good feed, in case they go home for the holidays."

"Then there is something quite new I expect to give to the students. It is the basketball championship of the state. Your 'neighbors down the way' have had it long enough and this year it goes to Captain Cummins and his crew. This is all I feel like telling you beforehand, but I will just drop a hint that there are a whole lot of fine things in store for the University."

That was all I could get out of the Old Man and I clambered into my cart and came home.

POOR SYMPATHY

P. F. Jerome, the secretary of the United States Hay Fever Association, said at the recent convention at Bethlehem, apropos of certain unpleasant hay fever symptoms:

"These symptoms are often made light of, but for my part, I feel toward them as the poor man felt in the dentist's chair."

"This man had a bad tooth pulled out, and, as soon as the paroxysm was over, he placed his forefinger on another tooth, and said bravely:

"Yank this fellow, too, doctor."

"But that's a good tooth!" remonstrated the dentist.

"It aches," said the man.

"But," said the dentist, "the pain is only sympathetic."

"Yank it anyhow," was the answer. "Darn such sympathy."

WORKED BOTH WAYS

A young staff officer went to General Hoke of North Carolina, in great perturbation and exclaimed:

"The enemy is very near you yonder, general."

"Yes, but look how near I am to him," said Hoke, smiling.—Ex.

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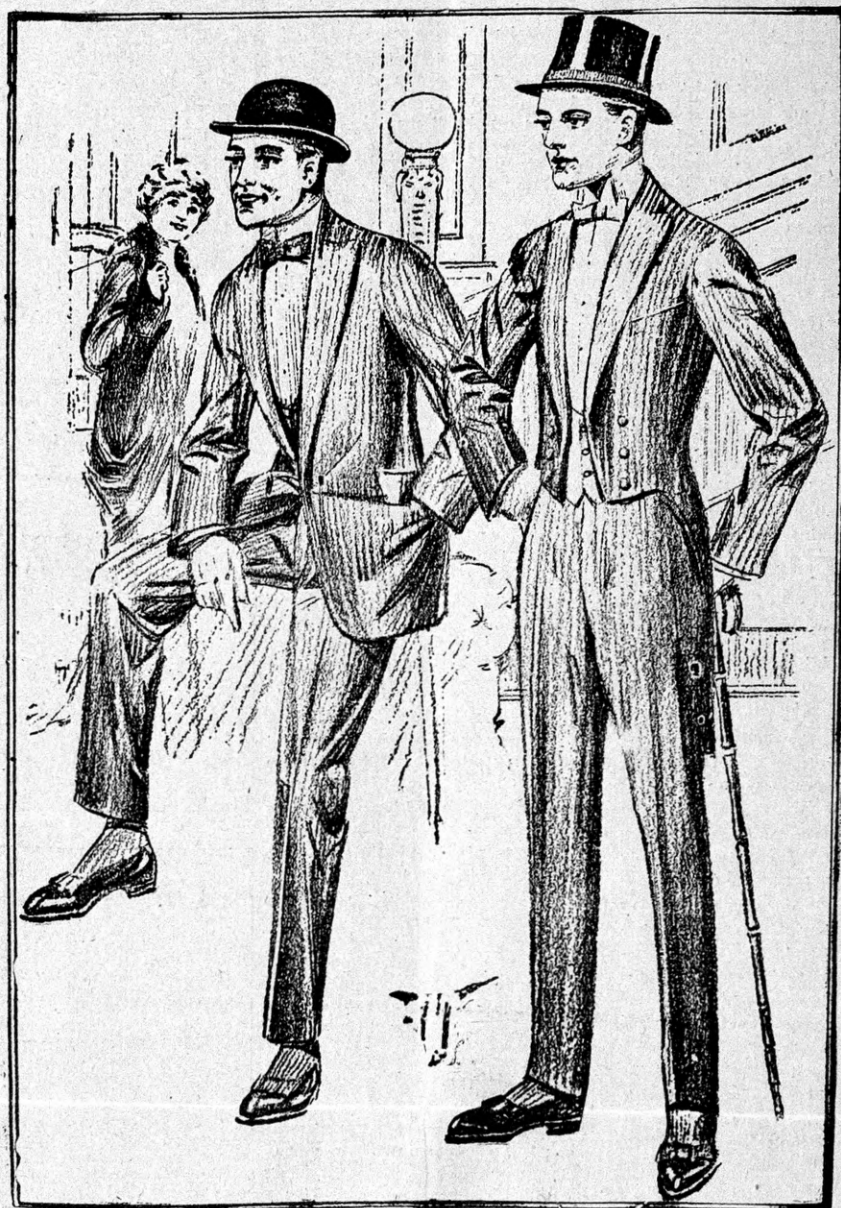
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Every one of a man's desires, from a tie to an evening dress suit may be had here. For the convenience of the Christmas shoppers and ourselves our windows have been arranged in price units. If you wish to spend fifty cents you will find a whole window section devoted to suitable men's gifts at that price; you'll find another section at one dollar; another at one-fifty; and so on up to twelve dollars. Our label on an article means as much to the recipient as it does to you; you know that you are not purchasing an inferior article; he knows he's getting a gift with a well earned reputation behind it. We'll not attempt to enumerate the many appropriate "gift things" you may find here; our windows will aid you in your selection; you'll find many other things inside.

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